"KEEP LTI'S MORALS UP"

MOULIN ROUGE

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

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LOWELL, MASS.

VOL. XXXII, Lowell Textile Institute | LOWELL, MASS., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1953 | NUMBER 12

ROTC Runs Real Raunchy Rape Racket; Rascals Reviled; Rotcelly Rebuked

Dean WWW Redbook Off To San Quentin; Social Code To Be Forced On Inmates

In an exclusive interview with W. W. W. Redbook, Dean of Social Behavior, it was learned that Redbook has been approached by members of the California State Legislature in quest of a replacement for the retiring warden of San Quentin prison. The Dean announced that he would accept the position and that he would be able to assume his duties by April 1.

Although not a nationally known figure, the appointment of Redbook comes as no surprise to penologists who have known him since he first began his career in 1930.

Forced into the Army by the depression, Redbook fast exhibited the qualities that are required of an Army officer—and which have endeared him to all who have had the opportunity to have personal contact with him in his work in education.

Notable among Redbook's qualities is his belief that rules should be interpreted as the occasion demands. This theory that rules should be flexible is not readily accepted by most educators; this may serve as an illustration of the Dean's enlightened and progressive administration.

Not content with his own vast knowledge of educational psychology, Dean Redbook utilizes an Appeal Board consisting of a member of the student body and his most trusted members of the faculty. Williams is a firm believer in this policy since he feels that a group of unprejudiced individuals may be better qualified to decide controversial issues than a single individual.

In regards to his new position as warden, Dean Redbook will be able to draw upon his extensive knowledge of abnormal behavior which he obtained during his career in the army. Never an advocate of harsh punitive measures, Redbook has always felt that every man is entitled to a few mistakes and should not be ostracized by society because of these errors.

In summarizing his policies, Dean Redbook stated, I shall constantly strive to give to the inmates of San Quentin and the people of the state of California the same honest, unbiased, and humane administration that I have given Lowell Textile Institute."

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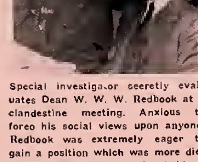

Special investigator secretly evaluates Dean W. W. W. Redbook at a clandestine meeting. Anxious to force his social views upon anyone, Redbook was extremely eager to gain a position which was more dictatorial than the one he held at present.

Mere Nothings

by J. M. Diehard

A late news flash from the office of Pres. Martin J. Bandwagon has revealed that there will be a radical revision made in the scheduling of classes beginning with the first semester of the '53-54 year. Under this new system, all classes will be held from ten to twelve in the morning, with labs slated to be held from six to ten in the evening. This schedule will call for a six day week with all hour exams reserved for Sunday. This system is expected to permit students more time to sleep during the day, while also serving to keep the students on campus in the evening. The latter is hoped to make adherence to the dean's social code no hardship for the student who is inclined to yield to temptation.

* * *

A huge state appropriation has just been granted to the Lowell Textile Institute for [illegible] of the Dean of Students office. Several full length, plush couches will be placed in the waiting room so that students waiting to see the dean may be able to sleep comfortably. A canteen and a cigarette machine will also be installed. Among the new equipment installed in the dean's inner sanctum are a lie detector, and a motion picture machine ready to project complete scenes of the Colonel's many campaigns. Shovels are also placed at convenient places around the room, since shoe leather is rather scarce at the present. In the event that a quick trial is desired, a trap door is being installed to convince the contrary student that he is no longer welcome. Total cost is expected to reach $3,000,000.

* * *

The Air Force ROTC has just opened bids for the installation of a puenmatic tube system to convey messages from the various faculty offices to the office of the head master, Col. A. F. Rotcelly. It is felt that this system will encourage instructors to enforce the honor system proposed by Col. Rotcelly. This will also save instructors the trouble of running at break-neck speed to the ROTC office to report plagiarism among the corps of cadets.

— 30 —

WANTED—3 Dimensional Girls.
Apply at WLTI—TV.

HST, Out Of Job, Hired As New Dean

The recent political slogan, "It's time for a change,' has caught fire here at Fort Williams (The new name for Lowell Textile Institute which was decided upon by the Mallabusettts Gelllature) The Trusty Board of Loom Shed L. L. T. announced today that Dean W. W. Redbook will be relieved of his duties as—(What was his job here anyhow?) Well, to go on, the Trusty Group searched all over the world for a competent successor for Dean Redbook. After deciding that Mickey Jelke might not be able to live up to the social code, they finally chose an unemployed ex-army officer from Missouri who has had a wealth of experience dealing with sneaky characters as conniving as L. T. L. students. As you can see in the accompanying photograph, the new Dean was swarmed under by students on his first day here.

The new Dean has promised a new, fair, square deal for everyone. This has made a big hit with the students. Joe Nerney has been kept quite busy uncrating the many deep freezers which have been arriving daily as gifts for the new Dean from students who, strangely enough, have overcut in several courses. Only yesterday the Dean's secretary was seen heading for the mailroom with a basket [illegible] sences—she looked stunning in a new mink coat.

The students are not too pleased about getting a captain in exchange for a colonel, but they all wish the old Dean the best of luck in his new job—rewriting the Articles of War.

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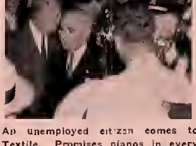

An unemployed citizen comes to Textile. Promises pianos in every room and special singer for Club Eames when he takes over as Dean. Warns editors that all music comments must be cleared with his office to avoid any incidents which may occur.

Faculty Feted; Take Stockholm By Storm

Stockholm Sweden: Elliot F. Hummington and Robert K. Diversion, instructors at the Lowell Textile Institute, arrived in Stockholm Sweden today, to receive the Nobel Prizes, for which they were named last week.

The crowds had gathered at The Stockholm Municipal Auditorium where the Nobel Prizes were to be awarded, when at 9:43 P. M., the two representatives from L. T. I. arrived. Mr. Diversion cut a dashing form in an L. T. I. sweatshirt, sneakers and a grey Homberg, tittering precariously on the side of his head. Mr. Hummington chose a more conservative dress, wearing a Kelly green suit, a ketchup red tie and spats to match. On his way in Mr. Hummington stopped to sell a few copies of his latest book, "The

(Continued on Page Five)

Faculty Found Fooled; Dopes Duped In Clever Scandal By Cunning Cadre

Washington, D. C.—April 1, Government Investigators, who have been probing the ROTC program at Textile sensationally exposed the sordid situation by releasing their revealing report of the vice and leechery present in the Corps. A congressional investigation was started, and the Dept. of Justice, Morals and Vice Division, is looking into the affair.

Named chief offender was Capt. Curt Child, procurer of the dormitories. Others implicated were Capt. Steve Canyonol, who was accused of conducting illicit affairs in the air, and Capt. Dick Hayseed. Hayseed has been aloof from the others throughout the entire relationships. Meanwhile, back at his farm it has been discovered that he has been conducting his own lascivious interludes. In reality, his sixty-five acre farm includes a house of prostitution.

The report discloses the lewd and immoral functioning of the ROTC and how this libidinous group held the faculty under their will. The faculty, innocent victims of these unscrupulous men, were slowly indoctrinated into social gatherings which gradually turned into sex orgies. These poor misguided souls were helpless to fight back, since the ROTC had their cadet Captain France, carefully take pictures of all the parties ever given.

Some students, especially those in the advanced corps, were implicated. It was learned that a prerequisite for these cadets was attendance at two parties per [illegible]. Those Cadets who agreed had to sign waivers releasing their salary to the Cadre, for such services rendered.

The news which came as a shock to the nation was no surprise here at Textile. There had been many rumors about this immorality in the ROTC, but all were vehemently denied at that particular time by Col. A. F Rotcelly. It is well remembered how he proclaimed that his staff was pure and honorable. Then, in order to relieve suspicion, he threw the spotlight upon an innocent pastime of the student body, by advocating the honor system in all classes. Now it can be plainly understood that this move was only designed to hoodwink the people.

When called upon for comment the entire ROTC staff was huddled in a small room on whose door was marked the sign WOMEN ONLY. After several attempts, a comment was finally extracted from Col. A. F Rotcelly. He said, "We, of the corps have our honor and esprit de corps. What we did was for the good of the school. The money we received will go to lowering the price of shoulder patches and hat covers. In addition we are doing the school a great service. Anyone can see that the faculty is more content as a result of our work. The report issued is a vicious attack on the American way of life. It is the duty of every able-bodied patriotic citizen to come to our support."

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Wings untarnished, Colonel Rotcelly staunchly defends the honor of his disgraced corps before a fanatic mass meeting of his supporters.

Canyonol, Onthestick In Line For Procurement Position

Captain Steve Canyonol has just been appointed by the authorities at Air University, Chief Procurement Officer for the new Women's ROTC unit to be established at L. T. I. To help him in the operational characteristics of this unique duty, will be M/Sgt. Arthur Onthestick, that most efficient non-commissioned procurement agent. Both men have had invaluable field experience along these lines, which no doubt will help them immensely in carrying out their duty in the best Air Force tradition.

Recruits for this unit will be drawn from the feminine enrollment at L. T. I. formerly with LSTC. Competition is expected to be keen among the applicants for the top cadet jobs. This unit will work in close conjunction with the regular ROTC unit that is now at the Institute. The aims of this new unit as presented by Air University are manyfold. Essentially they are: 1—the promotion of social intercourse between the units to make a fully rounded and thoroughly experienced female officer; 2—The creation of an air minded generation, and; 3—To create a completely integrated unit.

To qualify the recruits will have to possess unique qualities. They will undergo both physical and mental exams of the most scrutinous nature. Final selection will be made by Capt. Canyonol, who will base his selections on all forms presented to him.

The advantage of such a unit are quite obvious. If they aren't to you then you'd better join the Navy. Everybody connected with this new organization is waiting with abated breath for its inauguration. The aims and nature of the WAF-ROTC are sure to thrill one and all. So let's all shake the stick, get on the ball, and really give this unit the push that will start it bouncing. Do not forget girls, early action on your part will give you the top deal.

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Send THE TEXT 'Round the World

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

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Expurgatory Index

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MOULIN ROUGE

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

LOWELL XXXII APRIL 1, 1953 NUMBER 12

LOWELL TEXTILE INSTITUTE

This is issue No. 12, Vol. XXXII, of the TEXT, student newspaper of Lowell Textile Institute. The ink issue is published each April 1, in the spirit of fun and humor. The information and opinions expressed are in this spirit and should not be interpreted as the true position of the Editorial Board of the TEXT.

Member Associated Collegiate Press

A SCANDAL BREAKS

When the shocking news that appears on the first page of this issue first reached this desk, there was a feeling of disbelief, which was superseded by outright embarrassment. Our own faculty! It could not be and yet it was true. All of it. And especially those representatives in the Sky Blue uniforms—representatives from the Space Force of this country. Those sterling gentlemen who were to set an example for the cadets enrolled in their course- Col. A. F. Roicelly and Capt. Steve Canyonol and the like. Yes, the idea was quite remote from the minds of the staff here in the busy city room. But the teletype messages persisted and what they had to say was not pretty.

In rolled the ugly details, the carefully laid plans, the viscious operational procedures, the heart breaking effect on the countless innocents. How these people who appeared so clean and forthright to us throughout the year could ever turn to a life of sin and vice. Surely there was something basically wrong with the payments these people had been receiving for their duties to ever cause them to assume the wicked duties they had been performing for financial reward. Or was there something more sadistic behind it all?

The editorial for this issue lay on the desk, in its completeness. It was in praise of the rapid strides the administration and the faculty had made recently to improve the curriculum, expand extra-curricular facilities. It would shower praise on them for building the first college three dimensional smellovision station, for advancing the cause of the championship football team, which look the crown away from Notre Dame in our beautiful new stadium. The appearance of glass domed fraternity houses on the newly planted permanent grass-covered campus, complete with anti-chlorophyll, as well as the newest of the new restaurants complete with Commonwealth Teachers College waitresses in their low-necked, short-skirted space outfits. The new tuition system whereby the students were paid to attend classes and A's to be awarded to students with the most cuts in each course is indeed a great new milestone in the history of education.

But alas! The hopes and dreams of us all went tumbling down when the news would out. This desk had had some sort of tip-off last week, when Prof. R. John Sonrobert, Director of Inconsequential Happenings, dropped a memo in the office, accusing the students of displaying ultra-high moral behaviour since the appearance of the Commonwealth Teachers College women on the scene. He had asked for an inquiry into the matter, in the hope of seeing the boys and girls become friendlier, and seeing some inhibitions abandoned.

How would the Dean of Social Behavior take all this? Was he involved or had he escaped the licentious schemes unscathed? Well, this editor was taking no chances. He was taking matters into his own hands. He could not sit by and watch the total annihilation of the Institute. He could not watch potential millmen become future Minot's. And so the proposals for a Faculty Social Code were drawn up and sent for ratification to the Council of Students who approved them and will enforce them effective April 1. They are presented here and in the light of the unprecedented happenings, they should be seriously weighed.

1. All faculty members shall make a report to Dean of Faculty once a month, as to their whereabouts during that period of time, providing documented evidence.
2. A Committee composed of the Dean of Social Behavior, Dean of Faculty, and 3 coeds shall sit in session to review complaints against the morals of any faculty member.
3. These sessions shall be open to all—though its place and time shall be known only to Dean of Social Behaviour.
4. One side of the story shall be presented fairly, with no discussion allowed.
5. Certificate of intention to serve wet beverages shall be filed prior to any faculty social function.
6. Faculty members shall be allowed two "overnights" a semester prior to which they must sign in and out and state their destination as well as escort.
7. At no time shall a faculty member be allowed to express hi. opinion on these rules in the faculty publication, THE TEXT.
8. At all times shall the hidden clauses in the REDBOOK be adhered to, especially those relating to the elimination of democratic processes in instituting new rules.
9. Special meetings shall be called once each semester to review the progress of these rules and regulations, at which time the Dean of Social Behavior will attempt to create new problems from non-existant ones and will present the anti-faculty side of the issue and then run, not walk to the nearest exit.

ANY VIOLATION OF THESE RULES OF CONDUCT WILL BE TANTAMOUNT TO EXPULSION FROM TEACHING DUTIES AND THE VIOLATORS WILL BE ASSIGNED THE TASK OF CREATING BELIEVABLE ESSAYS EXPOUNDING ON THE MERITS OF OUR BELOVED REDBOOK.

With heavy heart, these proposals are respectfully submitted, by a disillusioned Editorial Board, in hopes of preventing any further disgrace to the name of our fair Institute.

THE SPACE

Repressed . . . by I. M. Leaving

Much attention has been focused lately on the social behavior of the inmates of this education colony. The "pros" and "cons" have hurled, caught, and re-hurled charges of wrong thinking at each other To end this fiery struggle, Dean W. W. Red book solicited an unbiased committee headed up by Miss Emily Large Post to review the situation and to offer a possible solution.

The committee spent several weeks at the colony to carefully analyze the prevailing conditions. After a noontime trip thorogh our tine sewage recovery plant in the basement of Smith Hall, one committee member could only blubber, "barbaric". Three members resigned, classifying the problem as impossible after attending a typical Pi Delta Phi Omicron fraternity party. However, with determined effort Miss Post held most of her committee together and came up with the following social code:

"It is the opinion of this committee that the students of the L. T. L. colony are social morons. They have complete disregard for any morals and would not hesitate—would even go out of their way to bring disgrace on the colony, themselves, and their fraternal groups. To correct this highly revolting condition my committee offers the following code of social etiquette":

All social events will now require one chaperone for every four people in attendance. Before anyone is allowed to enter the party, he must produce a signed letter from his parents granting him permission to attend. A chaperone shall never allow the four people assigned to him to get out of his sight and he shall escort these people home at 11:00 P. M. (the new closing time for all functions). The next day the chaperone shall prepare a written report of the happenings of the night before.

A copy of this report shall be distributed to all students, all students' parents, THE TEXT, and the Associated Press wire service. A representative from Alcoholics Anonymous will be present at all parties to advise those who would be so bold as to ask for intoxicating beverages. At school wide functions a chaperone will be assigned to watch every other chaperone.

With the enforcement of these minor regulations we feel that a new realization of social responsibilities will develop in the student body. This result should be evidenced soon in the collapse of individual initiative and group responsibilities among the student body."

Immediate results: Dean W. W. Redbook, The Student Council, and Mr. Administrative Fiat have all resigned.

2003 . . . by Charles Deadend

Now as I'm about to graduate from Lowell University, a member of the class of 2003, I glance back through my days of college and recall memories which are dear to me. "As freshman first we came to Lowell" and were overwhelmed by the rolling and ivory covered buildings—the buildings that were standing since 1956 when an atomic blast leveled the city of Lowell during the war against the Red Aggressor. The city now defunct of industry, is one of the most modern shopping centers in New England. We sat in the immense auditorium, with its glass dome covering our heads, and listened to Dr. David H. Phister, President of the University, expound upon the attributes of Lowell. Our first year was filled with the labor of study, but we managed to see our glorious football team defeat Notre Dame, survive hazing, attend the Spring Formal with a doll from Venus, and chug-alug a few at the tables down at George's.

In the sophomore year some of us indicated a desire for rocket training with the Space Force ROTC unit at school. Under the guidance of our CO, Gen. "Botts" Kaye, veteran of space affairs, we spent many hours visiting various space stations in the universe. Pledging brought us hardships and many laughs. I joined the Order of the Puddleheppers, a fraternity which traces its origin to 1953, when membership could be obtained by crossing the puddle in front of the entrance to Smith Hall without getting one's feet wet.

As juniors we witnessed the defeat of Navy by our crew on the calm and dignified Merrimac, welcomed back our victorious soccer team, who represented the United States in the Olympics that year, and brightened the ski trails with our torches at the Winter Carnival.

Now as seniors some of us have lost our pins, some to Smith, some to Wheaton and Wellesley, and others to, mother's jewel box. The rest of us have retained our dignity as we lounge outside the new Laconia, twirling our Phi Bet keys, and watching the latest in cellophane skirts pass by. We are not too concerned about the future, for the social bureau, which has replaced the placement bureau, informs us that today college women have more money and fewer morals than ever before, and more Lowell graduates are being placed in the father-in-law business than any other industry.

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Transducer Seducer by Push Katt

It has been brought to my attention during the past week that the Bored of Trustees (Local 138057, United Mine Workers), has approved the recommendations submitted by certain very interested members of the student body on the subject of buildings. As you all know, for the past 50 years there has been a pressing need for more and more dormitories. The present administration, however, refuses to even discuss the subject.

They have felt, that, if the students want more dorms they "will just have to build them themselves." The proposal included two 8 story buildings, which will each contain private rooms and apartments for the married couples. Each room will contain a bath, telephone, smellovision, and picture windows. As usual they are forgetting the details, and I strongly recommend that the students band together in their request for a marble placque in each room which will have inscribed upon it the "Social Code of LTI." A student-faculty strike might be a most effective means of achieving this end.

It is with some regret that I must inform the students that our beloved Southwick Hall is being pushed into the background. But progress, claim the wheels up front, will never cease and so it is now necessary to move Southwick Hall to make room for the new Col. Betty Kenned, Hall. The structure will be a 13 story green nylon building with the 13th floor finished in Air Force blue and mounting a Zeppelin mooring mast in each corner. This, of course, is for the benefit of the junior bird men so that they can get used to the altitude. This is the fourth site the Force has been through in two years and they haven't even moved into the Chumpuck Hall offices yet. Uncle Sammy sure gets things done with the money he grabbed of the Ides of March. Those of you who are wondering about dear old Southwick will be pleased to know that it will serve a good purpose on the shores of the Merrimac as a combination boat house and dock. The dyeing and finishing labs will be under water as usual, and the gales will have to be reinforced to keep the submarines out, but otherwise the building will not need too much revamping. "M. P's" office will be reserved for poor fishermen who will be allowed to peddle their fish in the waiting room. Of course faculty personnel who have sailboats, and outboards will be assigned parking spaces in the Quadrangle. (I wouldn't be too optimistic about getting a choice spot, Mike.)

The progress at WLTI-TV has been rather slow this week, but we have made one small advance this week in that we are adding smell to the already present three dimensional, color television. A $3,849,275.31 contract has been signed with the Radio Corporation of Aberystwyth. It is expected that within the week Sarnoff will be up in his overalls to make the installation, and that the free conversion of the students sets will follow shortly.

*See April 1, 1950, issue of the TEXT.

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LOOKING FOR AN EASY WAY TO YOUR B. S. ?

The University of Ottawa in the Fulcrum offers six helpful hints to harrassed students. Follow directions carefully and they guarantee satisfaction 100% or your money back.

1. Bring the professor newspaper clippings dealing with his subject. If you don't find clippings dealing with his subject, bring in clippings at random. He thinks everything deals with his subject.

2. Look alert. Take notes eagerly. If you look at your watch don't stare at it in disbelief and shake it.

3. Nod frequently and murmur "How true!" To you, this may seem exaggerated. To him, it's quite objective.

4. Laugh at his jokes. You can tell. If he looks up from his notes and smiles at you expectantly, he has told a joke.

5. Ask for outside reading. You don't have to read it. Just ask.

6. If you must sleep in class, arrange to be called at the end of the hour. It creates an unfavorable impression if the rest of the class has left and you sit there alone, dozing.

WINGS Pilot Clipped, Dropped Without 'Chute

At 1703 hours last night, one of the strangest and most thrilling dramas in the 5 year old history of LROTC (formerly referred to colloquially as LTI), came to an end. "Taps" were sounded, and two more heretics were doomed to go down in the annals of infantry.

It had all started a few short days ago 1 April, 53, when Jackson, Wyzenbeck (affectionately known to his friends as "Jack the RHIP-er) resigned his position as news editor of "Wings" (the campus newspaper), and turned himself over to the Dean of Cadets for action. Shortly thereafter, Horatio A. Noble was thrown in the guardhouse for ostensibly breaking the Officer's Law (a Cadet is an Officer and a Gentleman by Act of Congress). Campus gossip tied the two cases together, and most Cadets, fearful of another house-cleaning reminiscent of the famous Purge of 1953, stayed indoors. They did not have long to await further developments.

The next day, a memo was issued by the C. O. of the Institute, Col. A. F. Rotcelly, stating that the two men would be court martialed together after drill that Sunday.

The air of secrecy which hung about the whole affair was not cleared up until the trial, pres over by the Dean of Cadre, was well under way. It seemed that Lieutenant Wyzenbeck had originally confessed merely to dismissing his Flight from the position of "parade rest", instead of "attention"; he was about to be sentenced for this offense, when the shrewd intuition of honest John Hoodwink came into play.

Dr. Hoodwink had been getting a drink of water at the cooler when he happened to overhear the confession; his suspicions were immediately aroused, because of Cadet Wyzenbeck's previous association with an individual expelled from the Base because he was caught copying his own data sheet. In short, Honest John didn't cotton to Jackson.

After hours of grilling, this myopia (attention to details) paid off. Threatened with banishment to the Testing Lab, Lt. Wyzenbeck took Dr. Hoodwink to his cot in the barracks, and produced some papers hidden away in a sample of sheep dung. These papers proved conclusively that on at least two separate occasions, Cadet Wyzenbeck had been walking around with blue socks on—and his roommate, Capt. Noble, had not put him on report!

It was only after all this evidence had been collected that the two Cadets were put under arrest; and, since they could produce no further evidence at the court martial (other than a character witness named Adlai or something, who wasn't even Air Force), the verdict was sealed. Both Cadets were demoted to Civilian, deprived of their Flight Releases, and, in full view of the Troops, stripped of their rank!

With the last note of "Taps" still in the air, Mr. Noble broke down into histerical laughter.

— 30 —

Enginomity: 23 Book of Thomas

Hank Epicyclic is my teacher (shepherd). I shall not pass. He maketh me explain hard propositions, and exposeth my ignorance before the class

He restoreth my sorrow; he causeth me to give rules for my good sake. Yea, though I study till midnight, I shall gain no knowledge, for cams and linkages sorely trouble me.

He prepareth a test for me in the presence of the whole school; he giveth me a low grade. My sorrow runneth over; surely sadness and gloom shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall remain in the "Mechanism" class forever.

— 30 —

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Frosh Finked, Profs Proud

Figures recently released from the office of the Dean of Students via the ROTC office (as of March 1, 1953, it was revealed that all information to the students had to be cleared through the ROTC office) indicated that 85% of the freshman class is on probation with 14% of the total failing one or more subjects. Of the 1% that passed all subjects 0.75% have transferred to COLLEGES. This leaves 0.25% of the total passing all subjects in their freshman year. There are no available figures for the Dean's List of the freshman class.

It occurs to the reporter that perhaps the students are not wholly to blame. After seeing one of their tests, it is hardly any wonder that they are in such dire straits. Here are a few sample questions from the various courses.

Chemistry 101

1. Mixing — with — under high pressure gives a solution.
2. Reproduce the latest version of the periodic table giving atomic weights, atomic numbers, and the radioactivity series. (when known).
3. What are the commercial uses of Ytterbium?

Engineering Drawing

1. Draw the intersection of the trihedral truncated quadrilateral oblique prism with a obligate spheroid.
2. Construct a prolate elipsoid.
3. Construct the graph of the equation;

Dx2
3x D2y
———
sec 3x
+y+6 (arc sin 3m) 7-8 equal
sinh 2y + 2xye-3.701

English

1. Write a 500 word theme on the reason that fraternities are detrimental to ROTC "esprit de corp."
2. Conjugate the verb phornicate.
3. Who is the greatest living, self-acknowledged authority on the English language? (This is a give away question).

Mechanisms

1. Calculate the velocity of the second hand on your wrist watch in radians per decade.
2. Design a gear train that will grind ROTC text books into pieces no larger than colloidal size.
3. Design a non-involute type of gear tooth to be used in a high speed, high load, silent running low friction type of drive.

Now perhaps it is evident why the ranks of the class of '56 have become so depleted. The problem lies not within the class itself but within the warped minds of the faculty who try to show off by correcting these quizzes. Something must be done before the class of '56 becomes the class of '57.

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"Did you hear about the one who took his girl out in the fog and midst?"

"No."

"Well, you missed the point."

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Hoodwink Hooked Minus Morals

TEXNS—March 19, 1953, Professor John Hoodwink, head of the Egyptian Yarns Department at Lowell Textile Institute, has been charged with four counts of gross negligence an incompetence by the administration of the Institute it was announced today.

The case was brought before the Board of Trustees in a special session at which time students testified that the eminent professor had neglected to give an exam during "Hell Week", encouraged collusion on laboratory reports, and allowed widesperad cheating to reign thruout his classes. Witnesses charged that for the past three years the professor has made a practice of selling his final exams prior to giving them for an exorbitant price.

Further investigation on the case disclosed that contrary to belief, Professor Hoodwink was not spending his evenings in his laboratory developing the Hoodwink Yarn Formula, but was using the time to coerce his subordinates and maintenance men into nocturnal poker games. A deck of marked cards was found in his desk and upon the completion of a thorough investigation no less than three cases of whiskey were found neatly tucked away under spinning frames in boxes labeled "Clean Draft Rolls."

Called before the Board were three women who were reportedly hired by the department head as "Piecing-up Girls." They were held in contempt when they refused to testify on the grounds that it would incriminate them.

Professor Hoodwink has authorized his wife, a former school teacher, to instruct his classes in his absence pending decision by the Board. When asked to comment on the case, Professor Hoodwink said, "I must be soft as grape!"

— 30 —

Sly Sneakers Squeal So

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look". Yea verily for the subject in question resembles poor Cassius who suffered at the hands of his tormentors. There he was, a feverish gleam in his eye, his features twisted and distorted as if by an acute attack of fever. This was the moment to strike back at the enemy which had been pursuing him these many months. This was his Dunkirk, where he was to mass his forces and ingenuity for the fatal strike which was to prove the unfortunate end of his adversary.

The plans lay upon his desk, neatly stacked. These insignificant masses of printed matter held in them the secrets, which would ultimately drive the enemy from native soil. The plans were layed in orderly sequence, with diagrams and seals affixed to each page.

The day of retribution drew near and the maniacal brain controlled his mens every movement. Before the plans were placed in his henchman's hands, the mastermind clasped the plans to his breast and enjoyed a moment of complete exulta. tion. Here he had worked all these months to perfect this piece of paper which was to be distributed to the neophytes on this momentous day. The papers, the smell of their ink permeating the air, were entrusted to the mastermind's henchman who subsequently passed the printed material to the neophytes, who trembled with fear at this awesome spectacle.

The atmosphere was ominous and forboding as silence filled the room to completion. The sound of war was not heard only the pitter-patter of the masterminds sneakers as he wended his way up the aisle enjoying his own importance.

TEXTILE VARIETY

Everything for the Students

DULL MOOINGS

by Dawn Seagull

Hello again, all you dumb little kiddies, you. Now, what shall we babble about this week, hmmmm? Should I tell you about some of the vital courses that our more than capable instructors teach us here, or should I explain further to all of you the evils of that nasty old ROTC? Perhaps, one of my simpty stimulating short stories which I write so exceptionally well would fit in nicely this issue. No, no, I could do a great job on any one of these subjects, but rather today, I should like to let you in on one of those ever-enlightening conversations of our favorite friends, Hayman and Pischa. Surely, you must remember those two jolly laddies. Well, by popular dsregard, they have consented to repeal their most recent conversation concerning the recent scandal which has broken loose at L. T. I. As usual Hayman and Pischa are having a few at the C. C. F. F. J. J. A. M. M. S. C. (Comical Comrades, Funny Fellows, Jovial Jokers, and Merry Makers Social Club).

Hayman: "Boy-oboy, Pischa, whadda ya think of the scandal?"

Pischa: "It's the greatest thing that ever happened to us. I wuz beginnin' to think we had a bunch of slouches for teachers here."

Hayman: "Ya, ya. Ya kin say that ag'in. Boy, Professor Scandell sure fooled me. No wonder he had enuf dough to buy a new Drudge hard top convertible."

Pischa: "An' what about Professor Bedlam? Good ol'Farley Bedlam.. He wuzn't as slow as we figured him, huh, Hay? Hey, Hay, how did they get caught anyways?"

Hayman: "Search me. All I know is that the faculty is in plenty of hot water, Pischa. Gee, I kin see it now. We'll hafta hold our classes in jail.. Ha, I kin just imagine Hobbie teachin' Law from behind bars."

Pischa: "I wuz really surprised at Professor Pushing. He always seemed like such a nice ol' guy. It just goes to show ya that can't judge an eco book by its cover."

Hayman: "Ya, ya. Ya kin say that ag'in. Even little ol' Shimmy Downe got into the act."

Pischa: "An' alla time I thought he wuz usin' the voltmeter for some physics experiment."

Hayman: "That reminds me of George Headstrong usin' the darkroom to see what developed.. Ha, ha, ha, get it, kid?"

Pischa: "Hey, Hay, don't forget the ROTC instructors. They're in this just as deep as the rest of 'em."

Hayman: "Ya, ya, Ya kin say that ag'in. Ya know what I heard, Pischa? I heard that Colonel Belly wuz usin' his private airplane to bring in foreign girls."

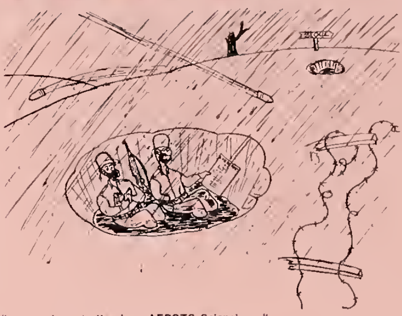
Pischa: "An' to think that Sgt. Stockings is a family man, too."

Hayman: "What about Sgt. Ahoy?"

Pischa: "Let's face it, Hay. Me an' you is both jealous 'cause we wuzn't in on it."

Hayman: "Ya, ya. Ya kin say that ag'in."

Up Front With Jerry and Lar by Bill Maudlin



" . . . so I sez to this here AFROTC Colonel . . ."

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INSTITUTE CAFETERIA

AND SNACK BAR

LEO'S LAIR

YES? - - - NO!

It appears we are going to have a new French cook take over the concession of the cafeteria. This is how I found out about it. I rejoiced so much at the news that I thought everybody should share the anticipation.

I had gotten up late one Sunday morning after the night before. I winked at my watch to discover it was 12 o'clock already. I started to think whether I should get up for breakfast or wait in bed till lunch time; I finally decided on a brunch. It took me 25 minutes to make my mind up to get out of bed and 5 minutes to shave and dress. As it was raining I went to the cafeteria by way of the tunnel. I arrived at the cut, door at 12:29 (by my watch) to find it closed with a sign on saying "Open from 10 to 12:30, and 4:30 to 5:30. There was hardly anyone sitting at the tables. I knocked at the door a couple of times, tried to force the lock with a hair pin which I found in my pocket, (don't ask me how it got there) but nothing doing. I knocked a few more times and the noise attracted Leo Trotsky who came up to the door, and through the glass pane I saw him gesticulate and perform his usual antics, apparently to tell me that the cafeteria was closed. I moved my lips and fortunately he saw me articulate something that must have appeared french to him. So he opened the door and after scolding me said, "What's that?" I told him what I wanted, I made it simple for him and sat myself at one of the tables.

This is the conversation I overheard going on in the kitchen between Danny and Co.

D.—But I can't understand it, they want to take the concession away after I gave them the latest news in Sports every morning. Who is going to tell them what the next sports column is going to be about? Who will forecast the Notre Dame Army game? What about the appreciation and comments I gave them about every fight? And all this for free.

J.—I don't know what they have to complain about. We asked them if they wanted a 5c coffee or a 10c cup and they voted to leave it at 5c. We get them the best canned peas, the best frozen pies, canned carrots, ready made chicken pie, chop suey from Lee's, canned hamburg and macaronies. Is it our fault if they are tasteless?

I. They get the cleanest glasses and the silver is always shinning, and plenty of paper napkins; what else do they want.

D. They are jealous because we are making a little money now that the L.T.C. girls are here.

J.—About variety, what more could they ask? The patties have been on a different line on the Menu every day, same with the white hamsteak and the breaded veal cutlets.

I.. Yeah, speaking of veal cutlets, what eating place would give them so much bread with the cutlets?

At this point Leo comes out with a sulky face and hands me over the veal cutlets with a scoop of mashed and a few beets and goes back to the kitchen.

D.—Anyway, I hear the new man taking the concession is a real French cook. One of those foreign students didn't like our good old American food, he thinks he is above franks and beans, and made the suggestion to Marty. He told him he knew of a man who could make everybody put on 10 pounds within 3 months and he promised no more emaciated looks in class.

I.. Yeah, and he is going to use wine to prepare the sauces. I wonder how he will get around this one with the State.

J. It is all your fault D for making the suggestion to cut down on cooked meals and offering instead pills containing Army rations and vitamins. You and your ideas to save on the washing of dishes and serving. These guys are animals, they want something to bite in, no matter what it is. Can't you see how they love our cube steaks even though it is the meat nearest to the hide, at times I wonder whether it isn't the hide itself. That's what they want, something to chew and spit on.

I.—I tell you, you are all wrong, it's them foreign students who are sabotaging us. They go around telling the American boys what good food tastes like, how delicious "French cuisine" is, how macaronies should be done and so on. It's become so bad that our boys can't even look at our patties and mashed. Well I am glad to go, I got tired of this place anyway.

At this point he came out and looked at me with bloodshot eyes. After his last remark about foreign students I thought I had better clear the air for him before he wished

(Continued on Page Five)

No one realizes the time and work that is devoted to running the "Caf" in order to feed the hungary hordes of L. T. I. and L. T. C. Therefore, here is a short summary of the "behind the scene" action.

The day starts at 3:00 A. M., when the truck from the Lowell Sanitation Department hacks up to Smith Hall and delivers the next two weeks supply of chop suey—or will it be gouiash? The chef, standing in the doorway with a shovel borrowed from the boiler room, picks out the choicest morsels for the days' Blue Plate Special.

In the "caf" itself, the rest of the staff is replacing the table tops which had been rented out to the Hi-Hat Roller Skating Rink.

When this chore is finished, they start to work up a nice sudsy lather in the dishwater by washing their work clothes. While the other dishwashers scale the plates over the surface of the water, one goes to the river bank and brings back two buckets full of Merrimac Mud. Upon his return, the chef comes over to make sure that the "coffee" is the right color and consistency.

When these preliminaries are over, the real work of preparing the food begins. The cockroach races in the ovens are broken up and the crusts for the meat pies are put in to char. The bacon for breakfast and the noon B. L. T.'s are placed on the light bulb over the grill to cook.

The staff's remarkable democratic tendencies must be mentioned. Where else is a lowly floor mop elevated to the exalted position of soup stirrer? So that's where those crazy noodles came from!

The lettuce for the sandwiches is rinsed with the left-over dishwater and left to wilt. The potatoes which have boiled to a gelatine-like consistency are diluted with some more water and seasoned with the three-inch ash from the chef's cigar. The tomatoes are dropped on the floor a few times to soften them. Then they are squeezed into glasses for juice and the remaining pulp is sliced for use in salads and sandwiches. The fruit for breakfast is poured out of the rusty cans into the dishes provided for it.

Just before the influx of the hungry hordes, the "Boss" arrives to issue the orders of the day. First he addresses the counterman: "Now remember, we're trying for a new record. Stall as much as possible we want that waiting line to reach to Southwick Hall today. Prices have gone up again, so use that small spoon to measure out portions. We've got to make a profit, and our prices are so low that we have to do something." Then he turns to the kitchen help: "The ketchup yesterday was semi-viscous; today, you had better mix it in the ratio of one teaspoon of ketchup to one quart of water and add enough red shoe polish to color it. Now, to your posts! And never forget our motto "Eat at the Lowell Textile Cafeteria, conveniently located next to the Nurses's Office."

Air Scientists Evolve Evaluation Elevator

On April 1, 1953, at a secret meeting held by the High Command of the ROTC, a new and more repulsive merit and demerit system was formally adopted. The meeting was run by Capt. Steve Canyonot of U. S. A. F. and J. A. B. status (for the uneducated the latter phrase means Junior Assistant Birdman.) As Capt. Canyonol put it, "We feel this system will enable us to keep a closer dictatorial control of the cadets while still not

Demerit system undergoes revision. Ambitious cadets raise ratings with off-duty assignments. You too can make advanced!!!

going to the point of outright slave labor. The corp must learn to accept discipline. After all, if the potential enemy conquers us, we want our cadets prepared for the slave labor camps."

The major changes of the system are outlined in the following note:

The uniform must be worn at all times. Any cadets found at any time without his uniform is subject to a summary court martial.

Any cadet found in bed without his uniform on will be considered a disgrace to the corps.

New Demerit List

Staring at officers who are staring at coeds .....10 demerits

Having coeds stare back at you instead of officers—15 demerits

Mimicking officers (roughly equivalent to the civilian term "disorderly conduct and "breach of the peace") 20 demerits

Insulting an officer includes such offences as asking questions in class that they cannot answer and putting truthfulness above bootlicking) 15 demerits

Not saluting
a) Colonels .....15 demerits
b) Sargents .....10 demerits
c) Captains ..... 5 demerits

Drinking to an officer's good health (Shows that cadet is not interested in advancement) 10 demerits

The new system also includes rewards for doing good work. This is to make the system acceptable to the student as well as to the Department of Air Sorcery and Strategy. Merits will be given for the following:

Shining shoes ..... 1 merit
Shining Captain's shoes 2 merits
Shining Colonel's shoes 3 merits
Turning yourself in for cheating on an ROTC exam .... 5 merits
Chauffering for Captains 5 merits
Giving demerits to fraternity brothers ....10 merits
Fixing officers up with women of ill repute .....10 merits
Joining Knifing Club, Sliding Club, Bow and Arrow Club and Bicycle club ..5 merits for each
Criticizing ROTC critics gains promotion
Baying "Skyways"... 3 merits
Reading "Skyways" ..5 merits
Believing "Skyways" 10 merits
(also appointment with Chief Psychiatrist at Bedford AFB)
Singing patriotic songs ("Irish Lullaby," "Mother Machree," "Danny boy" .....15 merits

Captain Canyonol went on to explain the method by which cadets may now appeal demerits. The offended cadet must fill out the forms T. L.-7, B. N.-3, and A. K.-167 in quadruplicate and submit one each to the Dean of Students, Col. A. F. Rotcelly, the Honor Board of East Point, the chairman of the review board, and President Taft (Mr. President has discovered that LTI USMFROTC346 paper makes excellent gen wipers). After the first four boards (one each held by the form-recipients) refuse the cadet, he may appeal to the Appealed Appeals Board with 87 character witnesses, an apprentice J. A. B. card and a sworn statement in 50 words or less on why he wants to fly Piper Cubs over Korea. In reply to the question "How will this affect the students wishing to get into advanced ROTC." Captain Child, "Steve's" assistant, roared into the conversation with the remark "There ain't gonna be none of youse B----gettin' into advanced. I'll see to that."

The demerit system was reviewed by Col. Hawkeye from the Air University. His comments on the system were extremely favorable. He seemed to think that the system would put the students in the proper mood to go and kill the enemy, of course, the cadre would have to be careful not to let the students do any harm to anyone other than the enemy. To further this aim the staff is now working on a curfew system to keep the cadets confined to their barracks.

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A Stenographer defines a wolf as a modern dry cleaner. He works fast but leaves no rug.

Burley Borrows Local Lovely

Prof. Charles F. Bedlam, S. B. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), Ed. M. (Harvard University), head of the Social Sciences Department at LTI, will leave the institute sometime this semester. Prof. Bedlam will be employed by the Old Howard Theater, Boston, Mass., as Head Choreographer. The change was announced today by Samuel Pantspresser, Chairman of the Board of Trustees and President of the American Theatres Corp. Mr. Pantspresser stated that he is sorry that Prof. Bedlam is leaving the institute, but added that the Old Howard could very well use the spicy revues that "Charlie could produce. It is rumored that the Old Howard had its talent scouts in the audience when the Flora-Dora Lovelles of Club Eames were performing March 6. After the show Prof. Bedlam was approached by the hunters of talent, who offered him the directorship of the "Hairy Howard Horses", their sensexual chorus line. Bedlam hesitated to make the change for he was sure the students in Course VII would miss him, but when offered front row passes for the boys and a salary of $40,000 per year, he could hardly refuse. It is also reported that "Peaches" Allyarus was approached by the scouts, and was offered $25,000, a year's supply of sweat socks, and a twenty game-winning pitcher for his stripping routine. However, Allyarus stated that this venture would meet with no success, since the youth of today are more interested in culture and economics than the bare facts of life.

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✣ FACULTY PAGE ✣

In the firm belief that every dog deserves his day, we dedicate this page to our faculty.

"Inquiring Photographer"

QUESTION—"How has the coming of ROTC affected you as a teacher?"

PLACE — The Teacher's Rest Room.

Prof. Kitten—Don't quote me on this but "As chairman of the safety committee, I was thinking of asking the Colonel for the use of the Cadets. I think they would make sensational Air Raid and Fire Wardens. I would also like to do a spectro-analysis of Cap't Child's

CAMERA SHY

night driving ability. I would of course have to do exhaustive research, to make sure the machine would not blow up under the strain. Of course, my biggest single complaint against the coming of the ROTC is the fact that the course, Tex. 241 (Library) has been dropped from the curriculum. This was an excellent and very important subject; after all no person should go through life without knowing how to use the "Library Key." One can never tell when one might need this information can one? But since I'm married none of this matters anymore."

Prof. P. Plato—I don't know too much about this subject but I would like to philosophize. Since this event can in no way effect the famous Ohms Law, I feel that you are fighting me. After all, I try to make this course interesting. It is possible, however to say without any fear of contradiction, that the sun will rise today (if it does not rain.) Since the ROTC has added so much in the way of discipline to

the life of the student I feel that they (the students) now pay much more attention to my excellent and well detailed lectures. After all, no person should go through life without knowing the six types of lenses. However when considering the psycho-physcological make-up of the average, it is quite clear that the sun will rise if the on hundred thirty shades of color don't effect the move to change the Boston Braves to the Lowell Braves when considering the known facts it is understandable that the Fobea Centrals is definitely connected to the shrevas on the end of the comiten valve.

Prof. Infallable—I'm glad you ask me that, good to see you're asking questions; that should mean at least 10 points more on your final grade, you see I'm one of the leading authorities on just that subject. As I am on most any subject, now that you mention it. You see "you caaan't pass this course Mr. Wevy." However, since just a few of my students are in the aeroplane club, it is difficult to make any rash generalizations without first consulting" Webster's New Collegiate

Dictionary" after all their word is final (underline "is", several times for emphasis gentlemen.) However I find that by bosom swells with pride every time I see all those bright young faces in there handsome blue uniforms doing their bit to conquer the forces of totalitarianism and to preserve this brave new country for it's Manifest Destiny. And remember, no young person should go through life without knowing the proper spelling of the word "antidisestablishmentarianism."

Prof. J. Hoodwink—Well, does it? I'll ask you. You don't know for sure do you? Well, the answer is that the blue uniforms dress up my lab and besides I also can spot my men breaking their backs under the frames more easily and in this way I am assured that they will spend exactly 110 minutes studying the

effect of "sloughing cams" on the positioning of the Philbow rod as it decreases the slubcatcher setting by 39/110 of a degree. I've also been known to favor the ROTC as a deterrent to cheating, since the slightest turn of a blue uniform catches my eye and I can catch men at it without having to pounce upon them from the rear, thereby saving on the cost of my final exam sneakers, which I don't wear out as often as I used to, before the coming of ROTC. Yessir! at last there is a central depot for the channeling of lab reports. But most important of all to remind your readers is that no home is complete unless one member of the family can piece up a 216 spindle Saco-Lowell spinning frame.

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CAFETERIA

(Continued from Page Four)

the food I had half eaten turned into poison. I quietly took the tray to the window, (I did this to appease his temper) and went out.

So it looks as though at last we are going to have decent food for a change, unless Lenny appeals to the McCarran Act to keep the cook out on charges of un-American activities—savoury cooking.

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CARD WASTE

Two old maids were sitting at a bar one evening, and after a slight indulgence, one of them remarked, "If I have another Tom Collins, I'm going to feel it."

The other said, "If I have another I won't care who does."

* * *

An empty barrel makes the most noise—an idle tongue makes the most chatter—but a gorgeous blonde in a high wind can make the most of anything.

Cowtail's Triumph

This year, a great new literary work, Dung Picking at Home for Fun and Profit, by Prof. Michael J. Cowtail, Assistant Dung Picker at Wentworth Institution for the Military Minded, entered upon the American scene. This epoch is running close behind the Holy Bible as the best seller of all time. This is particularly amazing since the Cowtail edition has been on the market but a few months, and is purely fictional though professed to be the gospel truth by the author.

Prof. Cowtail, a graduate of the Wentworth Institution, has developed a new style of writing in which he completely ignores the rules of English grammar. Cowtail has disregarded the normal method of sentence structures since he feels that it consumes too much time and space. Instead he has reverted to a system which merely retains the capital letter at the beginning and period at the end, enclosing a series of unrelated words which accomplish his purpose of confusing the student. Prof. Cowtail has tried his best to further confuse the student by scattering similar information in dissimilar parts of the book and by constantly repeating himself. In several sections of this Dung Pickers' bible, Cowtail has reached the pinnacle of assininity by contradicting himself repeatedly.

This novel is a rare specimen in that it contains many diagrams which the author believes will make a thorough understanding of the course impossible, thereby preventing the student from receiving an honor grade in the Dung Picking course. These diagrams are a series of assorted hen scratchings which appear to be a contribution of the kindergarten class of P. S. 1.

This book may be bought at all leading Dung Houses and is available at the Library of Congress. This bible is highly recommended for children and is required reading in the seventh grade of the Bartlett School. It is the feeling of most experts that for seven dollars one cannot find more enjoyable reading.

— 30 —

Sign for Smith Brothers cough drops in a N. Y. subway: "Take one to bed with you".

WACS inscription: "I wouldn't sleep with either of them."

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NOBEL PRIZES

(Continued from Page One)

Grade F and the Modern Student', or, "Flunking Is Fun."

The crowd munched their popcorn nervously as the chairman, Dr. Ivan Yabetsky, refugee from behind the Iron Curtain, where he worked as Big Hero Professor at The Moscow Museum of Unnatural History, began to speak.

"Comrades and peoples", he began zealously, "today we are giving plenty wild Nobel Prizes. WE are giving messers Hummington and Diversion Nobel Prizes for their constant effort for freedom. They flunk many students who becoming discouraged join the army. All these untold numbers are now fighting in Korea for the U. N."

Dr. Yabetsky turned and faced the two educators, who were now bowing to the audience.

"We are also giving," Dr. Yabetsky continued, "free with all Nobel Prizes, a book on how to make your Nobel Prize pay off. Also we are giving to each Nobel Prize winner, a 1953 model, Schwinn bicycle.

This brought a cheer from the audience and the two recipients lunched with glee as they shook each others hand.

"Now", stated the chairman, "if you are wanting, you can be saying a few glorious words."

Mr. Diversion stepped up to the platform. A hush came over the audience. Mr. Diversion thought for a moment and then choosing his words carefully he stated, "This is really plenty wild action".

This brought a big ovation from the crowd, but soon they were once again still, for now Mr. Hummington had come to the podium and he was going to speak. He stated in the clear scientific manor for which he is known, "This is Pretty good gentlemen, is it not?"

Then the two distinguished Nobel Prize winners hopped on their newly won bicycles and rode them gracefully up the aisle toward the exit, to the wild cheers, ape calls, and other assorted noises of the audience.

— 30 —

CARD WASTE

The human brain is wonderful. It starts right in working the moment you wake up in the morning, and doesn't stop until you are called on in class.

(The Miami Tomahawk)

* * *

Two beboppers were walking down the street when they noticed on a theatre marquee, "Somerset Mangham's Quarter"—a week later they noticed on the same marquee, "Somerset Mangham's Trio." "Man", said one to the other, "we better catch that crazy combo before they disband completely!"

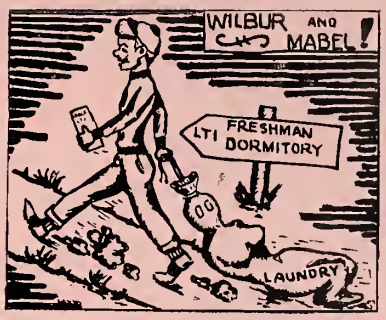
* * *

Mother: "I just dread the idea of our daughter getting married. Do you think she is really ready for the battle of life?"

Father: "She should be. She's been in four engagements already."

(The Creightonian)

Following The Social Code



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Textile Shifts Franchise To Dixie

Lowell, March 25 1953—Today in a sudden jolting decision, Restel M. Cashbox, owner of the Textile athletic family announced the transfer of the Lowell franchise to Waukee Mills, N. C. Cashbox stated "I won't sell my franchise to anyone. If I don't get the consent of the Board of Trustees, I will stay in Lowell such time as I do. But I won't sell."

Faint hopes that the Weavers might be retained by Lowell were thus dissipated. If some public minded citizen makes a last minute bid to by Textile, the answer from Cashbox will be "NO SALE". He's keeping the franchise and moving it.

Cashbox listed many varied reasons for this drastic action. Among the reasons for this action was the fact that the facilities are outmoded and incapable of handling the vast overflow crowds, which attended all home games. In addition, Cashbox found that even though attendance was capacity at all times, he could not meet his financial obligations due to the high cost of management. If he were to continue at Lowell he would be forced to cut the quality and quantity of the chewing gum and oranges which he diligently supplies. Another contributing factor lies in the fact that in 1952 more baseballs were lost, more rolls of adhesive tape per player were consumed, more basketball sneakers had to be bought, and more money had to be paid out for football scholarships than in any other year in the history of Textile.

The coaches of Textile were stunned by the news. Baseball, Track, Swimming, golf and Tennis coach Allyarns swore blind allegiance to Restel. In an interview with this reporter he said "I will follow Restel anywhere, he is a sound businessman and economist." On the other hand, Football, Basketball, Soccer, Lacrosse and Crew coach B. D. Lessey took a dim view of the change. Coach Lessey gave the following reason, "After all my years at Textile, I finally established a sound farm system for my teams, and it is a pity to have such work fall by the wayside." However Coach Lessey revealed that he has the utmost confidence in Restel's ability and would not think of leaving him under any circumstances.

The players were also startled by the developments, and mixed comments were heard. One of the players expressed regret at the impending departure. "The crowds at Lowell have always been good to me. They are real sportsmen and understand the finer points of the game. They always support their teams with an undying loyalty." However one of his teammates, who shall also remain anonymous, felt that the change would be for the better as a new atmosphere would be conducive to pure amateurism, rather than the professionalism due to subsidation here at Textile. The decision now lies in the hands of the Board of Trustees, and all of Lowell is waiting for the final word with great anxiety.

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One of the greatest sportsmen in Textile's history, Restel H. Cashbox, has succumbed to the overwhelming circumstances, as he tearfully announced his decision to move his franchizes southward.

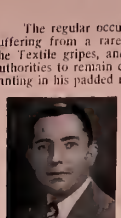
Sam: "I thought you said your girl's legs were without equal."

Mike: "No, I said they were without parallel."

PIECEMEAL

by R. Raoul Regreb

The regular occupant of this post, J. Joel Berger, is currently suffering from a rare disease. It's a combination of ROTCitus, the Textile gripes, and disgustion. He was ordered by competent authorities to remain confined to his quarters. One evening, while ranting in his padded room, for a pencil (they permit him no sharp instruments), the following maniacal outbursts were overheard:



"I need a pencil, a typewriter, a means to communicate, because I've just thought of a new blast. Do you realize that I've never yet condemned the President of LTI? And now I've got it. Don't you remember when he said that if you didn't like Textile, you could get out? That's a fact isn't it? Now here's where I get him, and I can tie it right into sports. The greatest baseball player Textile has ever had, Bob Walker, left school last year, right? (O. K. here it comes). Then I'll say why he left—it must have been Marty's fault, because of his speech.

So I'll dig right into him and squeeze out as much blood as I can. But that won't be enough for a whole column. There must be somebody else to cut up. Let's see. Ah the ROTC, thank goodness for them (Ed. Note: WE TOLD YOU HE WAS ILL), they're so vulnerable and they do hate criticism so much. Little do they realize how I rack this warped mind of mine to bring them into this alleged sports column. If they didn't march on our already decrepit athletic field, I'd have nothing to print about them, and I'd feel so bad. That makes two chops. I need another. How about the faculty? They are easy targets for my rapier-like wit (ah how I do like my barbed tongue). The faculty and sports. That's the trouble, always sports, anything to condem and sports. Oh why am I stuck away on the sports page where I am so limited in operation? I should be on page two, like a gentleman, instead of being ostracized to this page of bad news and defeatism. There I'd really have people to knock. The trustees, the Governor (lousy Republican), even the National Administration (lousy Republicans). Well, that will come in time. Pegler started on the sports page. No that's a bad example, the way he blasts the Democrats for no reason is terrible. Why I wouldn't think of doing such a thing to anyone. Bob Considine also had his career started on the sports beat. (That's no good either, the lousy Republican.) Who else was there? Hey, wait a minute, I've got it. The guy in the next cell—he's a sports writer, and he gets paid for it, in big money. He calls himself the Captain or something—must be crazy. But he makes his living by blasting people in sports. Now isn't that what I'm doing now? Well since I'm saner than he is, I'll get out of here sooner than he will. Then I can take over his job. I'll let everyone hate me and make a fortune, so I can afford a plaid padded cell like the one he has. But I don't want to be just a mere captain. I'll call myself the Colonel. Pencil, paper, quick!"

"LAUGHING BOY"

CARD WASTE

He: "I'm the bank examiner."

She: "Well, I'm no bank."

CARD WASTE

"Anyone here know Shorthand?" queried the sergeant.

Four men stepped forward.

"Then get down to the mess hall. George is shorthanded there."

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Women of School Rise Replace Departed Men

Almost as soon as the announcement was made that Textile's teams were going south to Waukee Mills, a movement to retain some type of sports at Lowell was begun. Leader of this drive is the well known advocate of women rights, Prof. Rose Tuloo.

It is her contention that the Textile girls, though low in number, could out do the boys in anything, well almost anything. Now that Textile's great teams are departing, Prof. Tuloo believes that the time is ripe for Textile to field an all distaff crew.

She has engaged Miss Rio Rita, of the dean's office, as football coach. It is felt that Miss Rita will do an excellent job since she has had experience in throwing blocks, and in quarterbacking. The basketball chores will be handled by Sheryl Softness, of the literary department. She too, is highly qualified for the position, as she has plenty of bounce. Baseball is to be supervised by Michele Dorothy, but it is feared that she will be swayed by the grandstand managers, especially Prof. Black, who has a keen knowledge of the sport. Nurse Ellene Dongor will train the teams, although she is much more familiar with the Textile type of injuries. Capt. Curi Child has magnanimously volunteered his services to act in any intimate capacity with the girls.

This resurgence of spirit on the part of Textile is a tribute to its stamina. Let's really get out there and support our new teams (in the right places).

Girls enthusiastically reply to demand for a revitalization of Textile Athletics. Pictured here is the nucleus of our new Basketball squad.

Despite Bleak Future Gridmen Graple, Groan

On April 1, a full squad of forty men will start a series of football scrimmages under the able direction of head coach B. D. Lessey. The practice sessions and scrimmages will be held at the vast Textile stadium. Although Coach Lessey knows that the team may be forced to move to Waukee Mills, N. C., at any moment, he is conducting rigorous workouts in anticipation of the very rugged schedule ahead of the team this fall.

Textile has several very tough teams on its agenda including Wellesley, Radcliffe, Simmons, Emerson and Sargent. However the team has a few breathers this year. Among them will be Michigan State, Oklahoma and Alabama. These teams are new additions to the Textile Schedule, and were made possible due to the dropping of Endicott, Bradford and Colby Junior Colleges. Textile had not gained a victory over these three teams in so many years that Owner Restel H. Cashbox decided to remove them from the schedule.

Coach Lessey is optimistic about the coming season as All Textile Avenue fullback, Wentworth Coach is returning for his sixth year of eligibility. Owner Cashbox is to be commended for his efforts to prevent the boy from graduating. Coach in addition to his brilliant running, was also an excellent blocking back. However, he is expected to be even more sensational this year due to the fact that he has a new play which he got from his REDBOOK of plays. This new bible of the football world is just becoming a best seller along Moody Street.

Since for some strange reason only one member of the varsity was allowed to graduate this winter, Lessey will have practically an all veteran squad. However, due to the many scholarships offered by Cashbox, new prospects are arriving by the hour. Coach Lessey has delegated the passing plays to quarterback Wingood and end Jelly. These two were a terrific combination on the gridiron last year, and have had much experience working together. Since the shipment of equipment containing the tackling dummy has not arrived as yet, the captain, Barbasol, has volunteered his services to act as a substitute, as he is well qualified in this capacity.

Even though the plans for the future are in doubt, this aggregation of brain and brawn will aquit itself nobly on the gridiron, wherever it plays.

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Send THE TEXT 'Round the World

ATTENTION ALL MEN

Uncle Sam wants you, but you don't want him yet. So join the ROTC. We guarantee four of the happiest years of your life, and many more afterward. Think of how swell it will be to march under the hot sun, and if you're lucky you might have a chance to do some extra work for the Cadre.

It's the chance you can't afford to miss, join today!

Warning: We reserve the right to censor, and suppress free thought. It also must be understood that the agreement may be terminated at any time it is convenient to us.

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